

Eight happy, carefree years went by before my sight returned, but I'd had time, this time, to plot revenge. Whoever up there had been throwing me them curves would have to do his damndest, now. I got home from the Institution, sat right down, and wrote two checks. One went to Fantastic Universe the other to Amazing Stories.

Well, the winters here on Mars are mild, at least, but there's not an awful lot to do. And I am just a wee bit worried, cause last week my wife

Suggested we subscribe to Life.

MEMO TO CHARLES BUKOWSKI

I'm sitting here at the old typewriter with a can of beer chilling my left hand and a whore I used to know heating up my right hand, typing on the back of the racing form and listening to myself sweat. And out the window I can see the world beginning to come to an end without wondering what the hell it all meant anyway because George the Chinese cook at the greasery where I eat is picking his nose at just this minute and my stomach is lapping up beer with a big black sticky sponge-leather tongue and blinking and waiting for the cascade of happiness that will follow and in between sips I slam one into the whore who groans and picks my pocket. Chopin and Dostoyevsky are beating on the door but I don't hear them because I am busy pounding out this poem and a poor girl with small breasts is walking her dog outside the window and the dog shits in my mailbox and I kind of chuckle and slam one into a cockroach that's crawled up on my typewriter and wink at the landlady's crotch which winks back and figure what the hell anyway. I am what you might call a master of insignificant detail.

-- Carl Larsen

New York, N. Y.